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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Hodge and Heraclitus: VVITH A CHARACTER OF An Informer,

And his lewd Practiſes layed open,

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Hodge and Hercules.

WITH

A CHARACTER

OF

An Informer.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN *HODGE* and *HERACLITUS*.

Herac. HO, Brother, whether so fast, you seem somewhat pensive, what's the matter, I hope the little Monkey-face Soliciter in the *Ould Bayly*, nor the Printers wife, nor the ugly ghost of forty one hath not crossed your way in your passage.

Hodg. *Damn that Rat-catcher, and as for the other piece of starched formality I have no need of now, those daies are past, but to tell you the Truth, Brother, (which I am not often guilty of) Im going to* Sams, *to instruct our young Pupels.*

Herac. But what Paper hast thou got in thy hand, which you seem not well pleased with.

Hodg. *Why shall I tell thee, it is a confounded* Whigish *Paper which I formerly stopt when I was in power, but is now creep'd abroad, I tell thee the Reading of it hath so disturbed me, that I thought I should have took up my Lodging with* Oliver's *Porter in the new Colledge in* Moor-fields, *had not I been now and then diverted with the Charms of a new Song of* Old Simon the King, *which our Chanters sing daily by my Window.*

Herac. But prithee let me see this Paper, I have a great mind to hear it read.

Hodg, *Here, take it and read it, thou art the youngest man, faith and troth I have not my Spectacles about me, or I would not give you the wronble, but I know it will not please you, here take it.*

Herac. A new Character of an Informer.

Hodg, *A P-- d--- it, read that the rest of the Company may hear it, for this will make us work enough for some weeks*

Herac. Be patient, sir, and I will begin.

The

The Character of an Informer.

AN Informer (I mean of the baſer ſort, whoſe Picture only is here intended to be drawn) Is one of the Devils *Nut-hooks*, a Priviledg'd *Trapan*, or a common Barretor under pretence of Authority: a *Petty-fogging* Caterpillar that ſcandalizes the Law, by making it acceſſary to his Rapines and Oppreſſions; a new *Trapp* for the Tongue, that *Lime-twigs* all that come near him, and puts moſt that he converſes with, on the *Tenter-hooks* of an Indictment for nothing.

A miſchevious Vermin, bred out of the Corruption of the Body Politique; that feeds (like Toads) only on Poyſons, and ſucks the peccant Humours ſo long (like a Horſe-leach) till he burſt with Venome, or is forc'd to diſgorge by the Emetick quality of a Halter: He makes good the old Maxime, *Summum Jus, Summa injuria*; and cuts Juſtices Ballance to pieces with her own Sword; He talkes all *Law*, and never troubles his head with *Equity* or *Religion*, unleſs it be only to ſuppreſs them, and having no *Conſcience* himſelf, is reſolved to be a Plague to all thoſe that dare own they have any: He never opens his Mouth but you ſhall ſee it Lyned with ſome old dormant Piece of *Poulton*, whom he reads meerly as *Conjurers* do Scripture, to do miſchief with it; You would think him bred a *Glaſier*, he is ſo apt to pick *Quarrels*; or ſome broken *Merchant*, that has flung his ſoul *over-board*, to make himſelf every way a compleat Bankrupt. He will court a man to beat him, that he may worry him next Seſſions for the Battery, and drop dangerous words on purpoſe to Proſecute you for concealing them; Preſentments, Citations, Warrants, Convictions, Seazures, *&c*, are his Vniverſal Language, and he is better acquainted with the Form of an Indictment, than his *Pater Noſter*, for he never names God, but when he ſwears by him.

His

His Revenue consists in Actions Popular, and his whole imployment is to go a Fishing with *Penal Statutes*; he thinks by that to take store of fat *Gudgeons*, but at last catches only a *Frog*? For his malicious Projects (like chymical Attempts of *Transmuting* Mettalls) seldome answer the trouble and charge; and his mighty Incomes of Penalties can but just purchase *Ale* enough to make him drunk, and afterwards he is forc'd to run on the Tick (at a Friends) for *Coffee* to make him sober, if he may be said ever to be so; whose Hair-brain'd Skull is perpetually *Hurry-can'd* with malice, and in *Child-bed* throws till tis delivered of some New-minted Villiany.

There is nothing in Nature so base and contemptible as one of his *Quality*; a *Bum-baily* is a worthy Gentleman to him, and the *Apparator* scorns his company more than a Phanitick does a Parson's: the Boyes stare on him as a *Monster*; Big bellied Women are ready to miscarry at the sight of him, and People generally avoid his *Converse* as they would do the Pestilence, and indeed they have reason; for he is one of Gods more greivous *Judgments*! Squire *Ketch* himself would not endure the scandal of drinking a Pot with him, were he not in certain hopes of a future *Advantage* by him? a Popish *Fire-ball Flinger* is not more hated in the *City* than he; only the *Justices Clark* and He call *Cozens*, because he brings the most Grists to his *Mill*, and warrants him a Trade.

The Wise *Athenians* (we read) banisht a *Coffin-maker* out of their *City*, because the cause of his mirth was others sadness; what would they have done with such a *Setting-dog*, (who like a beast of Prey) lives wholly on mischief, and can neither eat nor drink, without some *Law* be violated; so that if ever he say any Prayers, they are only that men may daily increase their crimes, and act more unlawful things; that his *Gains* may rise proportionably. For though like a cunning Archer, he seem to make the

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Publick Service the *Mark* of his aim, yet he squints aside at his own ends, which are the true Butt all the Arrows of his Prosecutions are shot at: He pretends himself a Zealot for Law, and the *Churches* chief *Scavinger*; But is in truth a Prostituted Varlet, and for all him, *Episcopacy* might lie in the Kennel, and Acts of Parliament (though never so just and necessary) stop *Mustard-pots*, if he did not hope to get a Spill by them. And for Two-pence advance, from either *Geneva* or *Rome*, ile undertake the same Fellow would burn the *Common-prayer*, and tear *Magna Charta* to pieces, if he have not done it already.

Whatever boasts therefore he makes of his Loyalty, or Orthodoxness, those that wear any Eyes about them will judge, so bad a man can scarce make the best Subject and that we are like to have a glorious Reformation, when open Prophaneness is imployed to correct supposed *Heresies*: a Good *Cause* is undoubtedly scandaliz'd by such vile Instruments, and could not but Blush to see those Prosecute Persons for *Ceremonial Nonconformities*, who are themselves so much unconformable to all the fundamental Laws of *Religion* and *Morality*? Does it not sound excellently to hear one of these promoting Hectors cry out, *Damn me, before I have done, ile make all these Phanatick Sons of Whores come to our Church, and serve God gallantly.* Is not this think you, a fit Agent to Proselite Dissenters? a rare *Saints-Bell* to Ring all into the Organs? Yet examine his Pedigree, and you must confess him descended of an ancient Stock, being the Son of *Abadden*, or a natural By-blow of *Belzebub's*, whom without breach of *Charity* we may conclude to be the first Founder of this order of Informants, since the *Scripture* reckons amongst his Titles, That of *Accuser of the brethren*, Nor is he less nobly allied, For *Hamman* and *Julius* were his two Elder Brothers, and Free of the same *Trade*, though both *Hang'd*, which serves only as an *Omen* of what at least he deserves, though the

times

times should prove so unjust as not to give it him. His younger Years were but an Apprentiship in *Debauchery*, and having by *Lust* and *Riot*, consumed his Patrimony, or what he could cheat others of, he now Imagines to Retrieve a Fortune by spoyling and wasting those that have been either more Pious or Industrious: He has broke oftner than a Town-Gallant has been Clapt, and followed more Tricks than a Country Mercer usurps Trades; But all failing. The Devil in pure pitty wisht him to this *New* Imploy, and furnisht him with a Prodigious *Stock* of Wickedness to set up with; yet being unwilling to Trust him without *Security* he freely made a *Morgage* of his *Soul*, and swears he has cheated the *Subtle Fiend*, because it was forfeited long before. He is now as eager after his Prey as a half-starv'd *Cormorant*, and cares not though he ruine half a Nation, to support his own Prodigalities, being so perfectly Mercenary, That he would accuse his own Father (if he did but know him) of Treason, and burn his Mother for a *Witch*, to get six-pence: He values an Oath no more than a Gamester, and swallows Perjuries as fast and as easily as a Jugler does Pins and Daggers.

He *Ferrets* a *Conventicle* just as a Poll-cat does Rabbets in their Burroughs, and the Rich men there skulks down in their Pews when they see him come in, dreading him more than a Partridge does a Hawke, or a City *Crack* a Marshals man. I never before knew the meaning of that Latine Proverb, *Lupus in Fabula*, but now I Guess the English to be *An* I*NFORMER* in a *Meeting-house*, for sure the sight of him is enough to make a *Teacher* hoarse; most of the Day he spends *perdue* in blind Ale-houses, and little *Sallies* to discover who hath the Impudence to serve God, And before Night he is sure to be in the *Crown-Office*: *A Justice of Peace* can never be at quiet for him; and the honest *Constable* looks upon him as his *Evil Genius* that is perpetually haunting and egging him on to mischief: Yet

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though he be thus *troubleſome* to others, he is ſtill his own greateſt *Enemy*, for whilſt he deſigns harm to others, it redounds to himſelf; And *Good-men* like *Cammomile* grows the better (perhaps the more Numerous and Faſter) for his treading them down. He being only as a *black ground* to ſet off the Luſtre of their Merits, ſince often times whilſt malice ſeeks to *wound*, it cures thoſe againſt whom tis Level'd, and deſtroys it ſelf, like the Glaſs that Reverberating the *Serpents* Poyſon kill'd her with her own *Weapon*.

Juſt as he gets his *Money* he ſpends it, For as he takes Wages to fight againſt God, ſo he layes it out again in the ſervice of the Devil, *Conſuming* in Bawdy-houſes, what he gets by ſurprizing *Meeting-houſes*; ſo that his Rapines not being able to ſupply his Prodigal Debaucheries, and his Helliſh Deſigns *being* blaſted by *Heaven*, he is either forced at laſt to caſt *Anchor* in a Goal, or elſe is mowed *down* as a Noxious Weed by the *Syth* of Juſtice: To which deſerved Fate I leave, *&c.*

I leave him, if in the *mean* time his guilty *Conſcience* (hitherto ſmothered) do not before *Revive* & *Condemn* him, and he himſelf ſave the *Hangman* a Labour, by *preventing* Him.

Hodg. *I ſmell by the ſtile of it, that this ſeems to be written by the confounded damn'd* Whig, W. *or* C. *or* V. *or the Tub Preacher in* White-Fryers.

Hirac. P-- on't Brother, it muſt be one of theſe, or all of them in the brave club together, for it is a cloſe thing.

Hodge, *I underſtand by their diſcourſe, that they have their private Cabals as well as we.*

Hirac. Yes, yes, Mr. *T.* and *H.* and *W.* daily frequent them in *Maſquerade*, but enough of this, let us pelt at it ſoundly in our next.

Hodg. *With all my heart, here's work for one Month,* P-- *on't*, ſo farewell.

FINIS.